

THE AMERICAN ATHENÆUM;

OR,
REPOSITORY OF THE ARTS, SCIENCES, AND BELLES LETTRES.

AS THE COMPASS IS TO THE MARINER, SO IS POLITE LITERATURE TO THE FASHIONABLE WORLD.

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ORIGINAL ESSAY.

LE MOULINET—No. VIII.

Custom is the plague of wise men, and the idol of fools.

I AM a dull fellow in company; at least, my friends tell me so, and therefore I do not often trouble tea-parties with my presence. It is true, I was once very fond of playing *forfeits*, when a certain young lady was one of the party; because I could then obtain a kiss of her ruby lips without trouble; a favour I never dared solicit on any other occasion. But then, as a set-off to this pleasure, I had the mortification of seeing the sweets of those same ruby lips, sipped by every coxcomb in the room.— So I gradually became disgusted with the silly amusement, and soon discovered that I made much greater progress in my studies. The young lady shortly afterwards secured a pair of lips for life, and I now seldom accept an invitation of any kind, unless it be, now and then, to dine with my friend Wiseacre.

The other evening, however, I yielded a reluctant consent to take tea and pass an hour or two with a party of ladies and gentlemen, at the house of the widow Perty, in Broadway, whose only daughter, the lovely Julia, had that day attained her eighteenth year. As an additional inducement, to secure my consent, my cousin Priscilla, a lively romp of sixteen, assured me that "Julia played divinely on the piano," and that she was in possession of some exquisite new music, just published by my friend Riley.

At about half-past seven o'clock, Wiseacre and myself entered the saloon which contained the gay group of ladies who had assembled to pay their gratulations, whisper scandal, and drink young hyson. No other gentleman had yet arrived, and we were consequently the objects of particular attention and civility. After the usual forms of ceremony had been observed, and a few common-place observations exchanged with such ladies as we knew, we advanced to the piano, at which was seated my gay cousin Priscilla, vainly attempting to finger one of Bishop's bravuras.

"O, cousin Watty," exclaimed she, "you will be so delighted to hear Miss Perty play this piece! It is prodigious fine—it is indeed. Only listen to this passage:" and she hobbled through a bar or two of *cresendo poi colando*. "Is it not delightful?"

"No doubt, sweet coz. I am bound to believe so when you assert it."

"Can't you hear for yourself? But perhaps you are not partial to the *bravura* style; although it is all the go, among amateurs, and has been ever since the first

arrival of Phillips. Would you prefer a *polacca*? There is 'No more by sorrow'— Shall I try it?"

"I am sorry to give you so much trouble."

"Pshaw, Watty! you know it is a pleasure. Nobody else will play till after tea, and as you can't talk—"

"What is to hinder conversation?"

"I tell you, cousin, *you can't talk*, that is, you have none of that *small talk* which alone renders a gentleman agreeable to us ladies. Now listen." And she commenced playing, accompanied with her voice, which, to do Prissy justice, is not so bad.

"There, how do you like it?—Isn't it delightful?"

"No doubt it is, to those who understand it. But what is the meaning of that *chest my heart?*"

"O, I don't pretend to know any thing about the words; but I suppose it means '*my heart is chaste*': you poets take great liberties in transposing."

"I think the musician has here taken great liberties in *composing*," said Wiseacre, who stood behind Prissy's chair.— "The poetry, if such wretched stuff deserve the name, was sufficiently disjointed of itself; but the composer has put a finish to its original deformity, by making it sheer nonsense, in subverting the only rational idea in the whole piece."

"Bless me!" exclaimed Miss Perty, who had attended to the latter part of this dialogue. "Is it possible, Mr. Wiseacre, that you can say any thing against that beautiful polacca! Why, it is a universal favourite."

"And deservedly so," replied my friend, "when the music is considered without reference to the words. But I can never pardon the composer, however excellent his production, who attempts to build a professional reputation on the ruins of poetry."

"What objections can you point out in the arrangement of this piece?" asked Miss Perty.

"In the first place, Miss, as I said before, the poet's meaning is perverted.—Dibdin, undoubtedly meant to be understood thus—

No more my heart, by sorrow chased,
Shall yield to fell despair.

And this is the way the line was originally written; but afterwards transposed, not to alter the sense, but to furnish a rhyme for "sorrow's dart," in the third line. But what meaning is now conveyed through the music of Braham? Listen:

No more by sorrow—chased my heart—
Shall yield, shall yield—to fell despair.

"What meaning?" exclaimed Prissy. "How can you be so dull, Mr. Wiseacre.

It means *No more buy sorrow*; that's plain enough, I am sure. No one ought to purchase sorrow, when there is so much of it to be had gratis. *Chaste my heart*; I have explained that before. *Shall yield*—that is, my heart shall yield to some knight, or great hero, whom the poet calls *Fell Despair*. Now are you not convinced?"

"Perfectly, Miss Prattle," returned my friend, casting a comical glance at my poor cousin, while I was biting my lips with mortification at this unexpected display of her literary acquirements. All the company laughed, except Wiseacre and myself.

"But what objections have you to the poetry?" asked Miss Perty; "I can perceive nothing in it but the most beautiful ideas."

"What would you think of a lover, Miss Perty, who should fall at your feet, and exclaim—"Have pity, dearest girl, on one who loves you to distraction. This tender, susceptible, affectionate heart, is like a wild boar. Unless you smile upon my love, it will be chased by sorrow to—the Lord knows where—just as the ferocious boar is chased by the huntsman—But if you smile upon me, this little trembler will then turn upon sorrow, just as the tusked boar, sometimes turns upon the huntsman—sorrow will fly, and my heart will pursue, showing its tusks."

My friend paused, and every eye was directed to the music. All were convinced, except my little literary cousin, that a more ridiculous figure was never introduced into any species of writing.

"Can those words be really Dibdin's?" I asked.

"Homer sometimes nods," observed Wiseacre.

The expected gentlemen now dropped in, one after another, and the conversation took a different turn. Tea was shortly afterwards introduced, and the *small talk*, mentioned by Prissy, immediately commenced. Novels, plays, the new circus, and the latest fashions, followed in due order, until every subject seemed to be exhausted; when Mrs. Perty kindly broke silence, and put us on our legs again.

"I have perused your circular, Mr. C. respecting the subject of a new American Dictionary, and am much pleased with the proposed improvements in the English language."

"I believe, Madam, there is sufficient room for improvement," observed Mr. C. "and as abler hands decline the task, I have been induced to comply with the solicitations of several literary gentlemen, and commence it myself."

"Indeed, sir!" exclaimed a gentleman on the other side of the circle, with a slight Scotch accent, "You think, then,

I suppose, that Johnson has left something yet to be done, like the unfinished window in the palace of Aladdin! Depend upon it, however, that if the work be imperfect, it can only be completed by the genii of the same class with that great magician—not by any artist on this side the water."

"At least his *erroneous definitions* might be corrected by some American, without justly incurring the imputation of presumption," modestly observed Mr. C.

"Johnson's erroneous definitions!"—echoed the Scotchman, with a horse laugh. Then, suddenly checking himself, and assuming a mock solemnity—"Pray, sir, will you be kind enough to point out one erroneous definition in Johnson's Dictionary. Excuse my ignorance, but I am always willing to learn."

"I can easily give you a list of one hundred," replied Mr. C.; the boldness of whose heresy now drew on him the eyes of the whole company.

"One will suffice, sir. I shall esteem it a particular favour, if you will only point out one solitary word in Johnson's Dictionary, the *definition* of which is the least objectionable. What word would you name, sir?"

"A very short one," replied Mr. C., with great *non chalance*, as he received a piece of a cake from the servant—"Oats."

"Oats!" replied the Scotchman. "Well, sir, how does he define the word?"

"Look for yourself, sir. Johnson's quarto lies on the table at your elbow."

My little cousin Prissy was seated as near the book as the Scotchman, and always anxious to display her literary talents, had it open in an instant, repeating, as she turned the leaves—

"O—oa—oat—oats—" A Grain with which horses are fed in England, and men in Scotland."

I thought I never saw a man look so foolish as Mr. Sandy did, after he had convinced himself that my cousin had read correctly. He endeavoured to smile, while the others laughed, but totally failing in the attempt, he made some excuse to the ladies, and took a hasty leave.

"If Johnson had always come as near the truth, as in the present instance," observed Wiseacre, "I could easily forgive him. But hundreds of his definitions are only calculated to lead the young mind astray. I recollect the first time I ever entered a country mill, in company with my father, I saw among other things a large square box, chest, or bin, open, and nearly filled with Indian corn. That, said I, is the *hopper*; the miller smiled at my ignorance. 'Is not that corn to be ground?' said I. He answered in the affirmative. 'Then,' said I, 'it is the *hopper*, and here is my pocket-Johnson to prove it—"Hopper, the box, or open frame of wood into which the corn is put to be ground."

"According to Johnson, (whispered I,) you are an axe."

"How so?"

"Because, notwithstanding your metallic plate, you sometimes exhibit a sharp edge."

"Very fair, Watty. But your good things are always lost through an ill-timed diffidence that will for ever keep you in the back ground. But here is an article that I wrote for your next *Moulinet*, on the very subject of our present debate—you see it is entitled, 'Inconsistencies of the English language; together with several vulgarisms, peculiar to our own country.' Introduce it as the communication of a correspondent."

As the remainder of our conversation at the party must be reserved for a future number; I shall close the present with my friend's letter:

"To Watty Witless, Esq.

"SIR—As you have undertaken to GRIND the good citizens of Gotham in your magic MILL, and thus to dissect and expose their follies and vices, I would beg leave to suggest some *inaccuracies* in the English language, to which even the great Johnson was himself addicted, as proper subjects of your animadversions.—To these I shall add several *vulgarisms* peculiar to our own country. By giving them publicity you may call forth more competent labourers in the same extensive field.

1. *Boil the pot, kettle, or tea-kettle.*—This culinary phrase cannot be executed in a kitchen, though it might be done in a furnace. Boil the water, or fluids in the pot, kettle, or tea-kettle, is intended, and should be so expressed. Boil the victuals is used for cook them.

2. *Button your coat, unbutton it, &c.*—are phrases like the former, that speak one thing and intend another. For coats have buttons on them, or are buttoned, whether the buttons are hooked into the button holes or not. Hook to, or hook up your coat-buttons, unhook them, &c. would be more correct.

3. *Civil crimes, misdemeanors, and offences*—are forensic improprieties of expression. For properly speaking, crimes, misdemeanors, and offences are uncivil and unsocial acts.

4. *Dig the potatoes, carrots, &c.*—This is often said instead of *dig up* the potatoes, carrots, &c.

5. Drink a cup of tea, &c.—used for drink a tea-cup full of tea-infusion.

6. *Evidence* is continually used by attorneys and judges for *testimony*. Evidence, (from *e* and *video*) relates to the convictive view of one's own conscience; but testimony has reference to the knowledge of another concerning some fact. The latter is accordingly derived from *testes*, a witness. Hence arises the fact that evidence may be the reverse of *testimony*. For we may have internal evidence that a witness swears falsely.

7. *Eatch*, instead of *itch*—is a very common impropriety of pronunciation.

8. *Fever powders*, fever drops, &c. are frequently used by the medical faculty for *febrifuge* powders, drops, &c. If they were fever, or feverish powders, they would be powders having the fever, or powders of the fever, which is false.

9. *Fire engines*, are properly used only when they signify engines emitting fire; yet they are used falsely in common language to signify engines to emit water. They ought always to be called *fire extinguishing engines*.

10. Gold and silver fishes, gold finch, &c., called, though not made of gold or silver. Golden coloured, &c. would be greatly better.

11. *Hæmorrhoidal ointment*, is improperly and falsely used by some medical persons for *Anti-hæmorrhoidal*.

12. *Hum*, instead of *home*. He was to *hum*, is sometimes used for, he was at *home*.

13. *Hysteric medicines*, is used for anti-hysterie, &c.

14. *Hoeing corn, &c.*—The corn is not hoed, but the earth only round the roots of the corn, &c. Therefore we should say—I have been hoeing about the roots of the corn, beans, potatoes, &c.

15. *Husk the corn*, means universally, unhusk it. How false we speak!

16. *Kivver*, kivvering, kivverlid, &c. is improperly used for cover, covering, coverlid, &c.

16. *Mistaken* is improperly used for *mistook*.—You are mistaken, is intended for you mistake.—I am mistaken, for I mistake. I am mistaken, means *I am taken amiss*, that is, *you misapprehend me*.

17. *Rheumatic tincture, &c.* falsely used for anti-rheumatic tincture, &c.

18. *Sitch* for such. Servant for servant. Sartin for certain. Clark for clerk. Sargeant for sergeant.

19. *Skin* that sheep, rabbit, &c. is used universally for unskin them. *I have skinned them* is a falsity, for God causes skins to grow on animals.

20. *Shell the corn, beans, peas, &c.* is as universally used for—unshell them. To say one has *shelled* them, is to assert an untruth.

21. *Stun*, instead of stone, is an erroneous pronunciation.

22. *Won't* is frequently used for *will*: for example, you will be asked at table,—*Won't* you be helped to this? *Won't* you take or drink another cup or dish of tea, &c. They, who answer according to the true meaning of the phrase, would not be understood. Therefore, people find it convenient to answer *falsely*; yes, (being *I wont*) is understood to be, *I will*; and vice versa. Little falsehoods are wrong.

23. It is common for people, to a person who has been recommended to them, to say—that A. B. recommended *me to you*; when they intend to say—A. B. recommended *you to me*. This is an unintentional untruth. Little things are little things, but faithfulness in little things is something great.

Or as the Latins had it—

"Minimi sunt minima, sed in minimis fideles esse est maximum." They who transgress in little things shall fall by little and little; but they who are faithful over few things, shall be made ruler over many. Lexicographers have much to amend in our dictionary. Falsehoods are serious errors; and this list of literal *untruths* of expressions might be much enlarged. The false expressions of the black-coated clergy have been spared for the present. The Bible says *all* men are liars; and the preceding is sufficient to convince folks that every body speaks *falsehoods*. The contradictory assertions of sectarian ministers, called Doctors of Divinity, &c. prove them to be bemired in error, darkness, and falsity. The like may be as truly said of the Doctors of Medicine, Doctors of Law, &c. who differ as remarkably in numerous particulars respecting physical, animal, rational, civil, natural, and national laws; as the doctors of divinity, so called, do, respecting the laws of God to man. Names of things are untrue, for we hear of sugar-cups, sugar-tongs, milk-cups, milk-pot, tea-cannister, tea-pot, coffee-cup, wine barrel, cider-barrel, &c. &c. as if the latter thing meant was made of the preceding parts of the compound words; i. e. as if cups were made of sugar, or milk, or coffee; barrels made of wine, cider, or beer, &c. This is as absurd as to talk of *wooden* tomb-stones; *glass* ink horns, &c.—Wooden monuments, or glassy inkstands would be more correct. Our practice of turning nouns into adjectives falsifies words. WISEACRE."

FEMALE SOCIETY.

"At no time of life (says Lord Bacon) should a man give up the thought of enjoying the society of women. In youth they are our mistresses—at a riper age, our companions—in old age, our nurses—and, in all ages, our friends."

DISSIMULATION.

THERE is nothing, except the vilest degeneracy, that can make us capable of expressing a regard we do not feel.

For the American Athenæum.

The Creek Warrior's reply to the Commissioner sent by Gov. Troup, of Georgia, to inquire into the cause of the death of McIntosh.

List, white man, to an Indian's word—

'Twas I who struck the blow;

The deed was mine—this crimson'd sword

Bale nature's fountain flow:

And though my own proud heart should bleed,

I still would glory in the deed.

Did not the traitor basely sell

His country's sacred right?

'Twas he who did the whites impel

Our fondest hopes to blight;

To drive us hence, 'midst blood and strife,

Again to lead a savage life.

Behold yon rising orb of day,

Emerging from the waves;

His genial warmth, his brilliant ray

Beams on our sires' graves:

And never shall the white man's tread

Pollute the soil where sleep our dead.

You've taught us when oppression dire

Would trample man to dust,

With desolating, wasting fire,

Resistance was but just:

And can we then so soon forget

The bold example thou hast set?

You've tried all arts, e'en treason's breath,

To wring from us our land;

One wretch you found—his doom was death,

Inflicted by this hand:

He broke his faith—and die he must—

What matters how?—the deed was just.

If naught can heal your ranc'rous hearts,

Your burning wrath assuage,

But to resign to treachery's arts

Our children's heritage—

Know this, the Indian ne'er will yield,

But dares thee to the tented field.

This soil is ours—ay, 'tis mine—

By Nature's God 'twas given;

And think ye we will e'er resign

What we derive from Heaven?

No! sooner shall the unsheath'd knife

Draw forth the crimson'd tide of life.

Go, tell your shameless ruler* this—

Tell him his threats are vain;

That death, in FREEDOM's cause, were bliss,

Compar'd with SLAVERY's chain:

Tell him to boast a Christian's name,

The Indian envy's not his fame.

ALBERT.

* Governor Troup.

CEMETERIES.

THE Jews have some remarkable fancies concerning the dead. They seem, indeed, to be as much distinguished from their ancestors by the childish and monstrous superstitions with which their literature is filled, as by their firm adherence to that law against which they rebelled so often, before it was abrogated. So well, however, are they now persuaded of the resurrection, that the name which they give to a burial place, is *the House of the Living*, an expression finely implying that it is the dead alone who can be said to live truly. The body, according to their notion, has a certain indestructable part called *Luz*, which is the seed from whence it is to be reproduced. It is described as a bone, in shape like an almond, and having its place at the end of the vertebræ; and truly this is not more absurd than the hypothesis which assigned the pineal gland for the seat of the soul. This bone, according to the Rabbis, can neither be broken by any force of man, nor consumed by fire, nor dissolved by water; and they tell us that the fact was proved before the Emperor

Adrian, upon whom they imprecate their usual malediction, "May his bones be broken!" In his presence Rabbi Joshua Ben Chauma produced a *Luz*: it was ground between two mill stones, but came out as whole as it had been put in: they burnt it with fire, and it was found incombustible: they cast it in water, and it could not be softened: lastly, they hammered it upon an anvil, and both anvil and hammer were broken, without affecting the *Luz*. The Rabbinical writers, with their wonted perversion of Scripture, support this silly notion by a verse from the Psalms: "He keepeth all his bones, so that not one of them is broken." A dew is to descend upon the earth preparatory to the resurrection, and quicken into life and growth these seeds of the dead.—During the pontificate of Urban VIII., a large burial ground of the Jews was broken up, to make room for new fortifications, and the Jews were particularly anxious to collect all the bones, paying the labourers a dear price for them. But not a single specimen of the *Luz* could they produce to their enemy Bartolocci, when he called for it, upon so favourable an opportunity.

Another curious opinion is, that wherever their bodies may be buried, it is only in their own Promised Land that the resurrection can take place, and therefore, they who are interred in any other part of the world, must take their way to Palestine under ground, and this will be an operation of dreadful toil and pain, although clefts and caverns will be opened for them by the Almighty. It has been gravely objected to this notion, that although the bodies of the just, after the resurrection, will, according to the opinion of St. Thomas Aquinas, be endowed with agility and penetrability, which would enable them to pass through any distance in the twinkling of an eye, and through any substance without experiencing resistance; yet this cannot be predicated of the Jews, whose bodies, they being to rise only for condemnation, will be gross and feculent. Whether it arose from this superstition, or from that love for the land of their fathers, which, in the Jews, is connected with the strongest feelings of faith and hope, certain it is, that many have directed their remains to be sent there. "We were fraughted with wool," says an old traveller, "from Constantinople to Sidon, in which sacks, as most certainly was told to me, were many Jews' bones put into little chests, but unknown to any of the ship. The Jews, our merchants, told me of them at my return from Jerusalem to Saphet, but earnestly entreated me not to tell it, for fear of preventing them another time."—Sometimes a wealthy Jew has been known to import earth from Jerusalen wherewith to line his grave. This is a point of feeling, not of superstition: but superstition has made the Italians, in old times, import earth from the same country for whole churchyards.

FROM THE SPANISH OF LOUIS DE LEON.*

THE STAR-LIGHT NIGHT.

I gaze upon yon orbs of light,

The countless stars that gem the sky;

Each in its sphere, serenely bright,

Wheeling its course, how silently!

While in the mantle of the night,

Earth, and its cares, and trouble lie.

Temple of light and loveliness,

And throne of grandeur! can it be

That souls, whose kindred loftiness

Nature hath fram'd to rise to thee,

Should pine within this narrow place,

This prison of mortality?

What madness from the path of right

For ever leads our steps astray,

That reckless of thy pure delight

We turn from this divine array,

To chase a shade that mocks the sight—

A good that vanisheth away?

Man slumbers heedless on, nor feels,

"To dull forgetfulness a prey,"

The rolling of the rapid wheels

That call the restless hours away,

While every passing moment steals

His lessening span of life away.

Awake, ye mortals, raise your eyes

To yon eternal starry spheres—

Look on those glories of the skies!

Then answer, how this world appears,

With all its pomps and vanities,

With all its hopes, and all its fears.

What, but a speck of earth at last,

Amidst th' illimitable sky,

A point that sparkles in the vast

Effulgence of yon galaxy:

In those mysterious rounds the past,

The present, and the future lie.

Who can look forth upon this blaze

Of heavenly lamps so brightly shining?

Through the unbounded void of space,

A hand unseen their course assigning,

All moving with unequal pace,

Yet in harmonious concord joining:

Who that has seen these splendors roll,

And gazed on this majestic scene,

But sigh'd to 'scape the world's control,

Spurning its pleasures poor and mean,

To burst the bonds that bind the soul,

And pass the gulf that yawns between?

There, in the starry halls of rest,

Sweet peace and joy their homes have made;

There, in the mansions of the blest,

Diviner love his throne hath laid,

With ever-during glory grac'd,

And bliss that cannot fly nor fade.

O, boundless beauty! let thy ray

Shine out unutterably bright!

Thou placid, pure, eternal day,

That never darkens into night;

Thou spring whose ever green array

Knows not the wasting winter-blight.

O fields of never-dying green,

Bright with innumerable flowers!

O chrystral rills that glide between!

O shady vales and sunny bowers!

Hath mortal eyes these glories seen,

Yet clung to such a world as ours?

* This is one of the Odes alluded to in our last

TO MARIA E.

My gauntlet's down—my flag's unfurl'd—

Whate'er my fortune be,

For thee, my love, I'd lose the world,

Or win a world in thee.

Yes! thou shalt be my polar star

O'er youth's bewildering tide,

To lands of promis'd bliss afar,

My bright and beaming guide. R. H. G.

BEAUTIFUL ALLEGORY.

Happiness and virtue are twins which can never

be divided: they are born and flourish, or sicken

and die together. They are offsprings of good

sense and innocence, and while they continue under the guidance of such parents, they are invincible to injury, and incapable of defeat.

DISCONTENT.

A TALE FROM "FAIRY FAVOURS."

"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
"Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."
On the border of a grass-plot, in the midst
of a gay and highly-cultivated flower-garden,
there grew a root of daisies. Immediately opposite was a brilliant parterre,
where the most rare and beautiful plants
were flourishing in the greatest order and
perfection.

The poor little Daisy, who observed the care and attention which were bestowed upon the garden-flowers, could not help lamenting the difference which both nature and fortune had placed between their condition and hers. If the weather was dry, these pampered favourites had their roots refreshed by artificial showers: their stalks, as they grew up, were carefully supported, their leaves and buds carefully watched, and preserved from the depredations of slugs and caterpillars, and not a weed was allowed to approach them—while she, all the while, was left to struggle as she could against the encroachments of grass, trefoil, and plantain.

Notwithstanding these disadvantages, the Daisy grew strong and healthy; her buds daily increased around her, the soft dews of evening nourished her roots, and the sun, which shed its beams on all alike, expanded her flowers, and tinted her petals with the brightest red. But the canker of discontent had taken possession of her mind.

Early one morning, before the sun had arisen, or the birds awakened—while the dew-drops hung thick on every bud, and all nature was wrapt in the calm serenity of the hour, the Daisy, though her flowers were closed, was ruminating on her condition, when, at once, the air was stirred by a gentle breeze, and she felt her leaves suddenly expand, as if under the influence of a mid-day sun. A form brilliant and beautiful was bending over her; and the Daisy knew, as if by instinct, that she beheld Flora, the guard and genius of the flowery tribe.

'Of what,' said the bright vision, 'does my Daisy complain—the most favoured of my children, and one that I always deemed the happiest?'

The poor little flower, though awed in some degree by the presence of the genius, yet felt indignant at the idea of being thought favoured and happy.

'Alas!' replied she, 'is it wonderful that a wretch, neglected and despised as I am, should complain? Placed too, in a situation where I have the opportunity, daily and hourly, of comparing my condition with that of the favourites of fortune? Were I perishing, not a drop of the water which is so lavishly poured on them, would ever be bestowed on me; and am I not frodden to the earth twenty times a day by those who give all their attention and admiration to a favoured tribe. Possessing neither beauty nor fragrance to attract the regard of the human race, nor even sweets for the insect world. I do not wonder that I am held in no esteem; but can

I, at the same time, help repining at being what I am?'

'In lamenting your supposed misfortunes, like all who are discontented, you entirely overlook the blessings you possess. It is true, indeed, the Daisy does not experience the care and attention which are bestowed upon the garden-flowers; but how much greater an advantage is it to have a constitution independent of all such assistance? The full beams of a July sun, which would wither some of these objects of your envy, does but enlarge your blossoms: the keen wind, or driving storm, that would destroy all their beauty, passes unheeded by you; and the careless footstep, from the pressure of which you rise elastic and unbroken, would prove destructive to the brittle stalks of these more tender productions of nature. Neither is the daisy despised—if not highly valued, it is yet always pleasing; for what flower can boast so enduring a season? blooming in the earliest spring, and often gilding, with its smiles, the latest months of the year; welcome to the sight of the passenger, as it reminds him of the opening year, and brings also to his recollection that still happier season, the days of childhood, when, to seek Butter-flowers and Daisies was his greatest delight.'

The Daisy, though she listened with apparent attention, felt neither consoled nor convinced by these arguments in favour of her condition, which the genius perceiving, said to her:

'You have hitherto only remarked the general advantages which other and more cultivated flowers possess over you; but wait patiently the revolving season, and when, after careful observation, you find one individual plant you would like to become, your wishes shall be fulfilled.'

The Daisy watched the condition of all the various ornaments of the garden in succession, and found evils in the lot of each.

The severity of the winter began to slacken, and in the month of February the snow drops peeped out from the bosom of the earth. Although not very striking in their appearance, yet it was delightful to be the heralds of the spring—the first flowers of the season; and they were welcomed by everyone with a pleasure which was truly flattering; while, at the same time, their unpretending and modest demeanour disarmed envy.

The second day, however, after the opening of these early, but ill-fated blossoms, they were buried beneath a heavy fall of snow. The storm at length subsided—the sun shone bright, but the beauty of the Snow-drop was gone; and the Daisy could not but lament the destiny of these fragile flowers, whose tender stalks and delicate hues seemed but ill calculated for the season in which they were destined to bloom.

The Snow-drops had scarcely faded, before the Crocuses began to show themselves, who, notwithstanding the fate of their predecessors, were pushing forward with all imaginable expedition. They

were a gay, merry little tribe, with a high opinion of their own consequence, and very proud of their attire of bright yellow or rich purple. It was evident that they considered themselves the finest flowers in the garden, and imagined February to be the finest month in the year. Theirs, however, was a harmless vanity, and a happy self-delusion.

The weather was now remarkably favourable—the sun shone brightly every day, and the Crocuses expanded their blossoms each morning, to receive its beams, seeming most truly to enjoy every moment of their existence. In a little more than a fortnight their brief reign was over: without any appearance of decay, or fading of the colours, the flowers all at once dropped their heads, as if they had been broken; and, in a short time, nothing remained of them but long, straggling grass, more littering than ornamental.

As the season advanced, though many of the gay flowers that adorned the early months had passed away, the garden did not lack ornaments; for the Carnations, those beautiful and distinguished plants, were in full bloom, and the air was scented with their spicy fragrance.

High in rank and estimation, the Carnations possessed all the desirable qualifications, without being liable to the grievances of which the Rose and the Lily had complained. Nothing could seem happier than their condition: yet the Daisy felt no desire to change her humble lot for theirs; for she had observed their early training, and the severe discipline they constantly endured. All their branches spread, or twisted, to the gardener's fancy—not allowed to grow without being confined at every joint; and, of the most valuable kind, even the flowers were not permitted to open, but under restriction, and cased with paper. The little Daisy, who had been accustomed to strike her roots, and send forth her buds, as nature directed, at once decided that nothing could compensate for such restraints.

Twelve months had now gone round, and in the various tribes of plants which had formerly been the objects of the Daisy's envy, she found, upon close observation, that there was not one whose condition she preferred to her own; her ill-formed conjectures had proved groundless; her ambitious wishes no longer prevailed; but, in the mean time, the Daisy had learnt an excellent lesson—**TO BE CONTENT.**

SILENT GLANCES.

O! there are moments dear and bright,
When love's delicious spring is dawning;
Soft as the ray of quivering light,
That makes the early smile of morning.
'Tis when warm blushes paint the cheek,
When doubt the thrill of bliss enhances;
And trembling lovers fear to speak,
Yet tell their hopes by silent glances.
And when young love rewards their pain,
The heart to rosy joys beguiling;
When pleasure wreathes the myrtle chain,
And life's gay scene is fair and smiling.
Oft shall they fondly trace the days,
When, wrapt in fancy's wishing trances,
They sigh'd—and wish'd—and lov'd to gaze,
And told their hopes by—silent glances.

LITERATURE.

For the American Athenæum.

SPAIN, when invaded by the Aleni, the Jueri, the Vandals, and the Visigoths, had been subject to the Romans nearly six centuries. Like the other provinces, she had adopted the language, manners, and military spirit of her conquerors. Of the nations which were now overwhelming the Roman empire, it was the happiness of Spain to be subjected to the Visigoths, the most enlightened, and the most disposed to extend the benefits of a wise legislation over their conquests. By these the ancient inhabitants were placed on a level with their conquerors; and in a few years the two nations became entirely assimilated. Their language, composed of the Latin and Gothic, with the introduction of a few Arabic words, soon became settled; and received much of that polish which it yet retains; and society, founded on the nobility of the Gothic nation, and the dignity of the Spanish citizen, assumed a courtly air, and an elevation of character, which could not be obtained amid the vulgar liberty and feudal tyranny of other nations in the south of Europe. That humiliating dependence on the Romish church, to which Spain has, for several centuries past, so tamely and so superstitiously submitted, was unknown till the reign of Charles V.; a strong proof, if what is founded in the nature of things can need proof, that just notions of civil liberty are altogether incompatible with religious servitude. But the people, who once knew how to limit the power which expediency required them to delegate to their rulers, can now meanly kiss the ground beneath the tyrant's feet, and echo back the divine right of Kings into the ears of a monarch, who, by nodding assent to the crafty policy of ministers at home, and the cruel dogmas of despots abroad, has succeeded in binding them in the chains of a merciless and almost hopeless bondage. Till the commencement of the sixteenth century, Spain had been jealous of her liberties to a fault. Why, at this period, when first turning her resources abroad, and threatening the liberties of Europe, did she, all at once, forget to guard her own? Why in the reign of Charles V. did she suffer one after another of its pillars to be filched away, till the fabric fell, and she was enslaved? I know it will be said that the lustre of her conquests in countries before unpenetrated by the Castilian standard, and the ingress of foreign gold, were equally calculated to dazzle and inspire with enthusiasm, and at the same time to render the nation inattentive to innovation. But causes must have time to operate: even individual character is not formed nor changed in a day; but a striking change was evident in the Spanish character from the very commencement of her successes, and must, therefore, be ascribed to some antecedent cause, which had gradually and silently prepared the public mind for revolution.

While ignorance had been holding its empire over Europe, the land of the false prophet had become the repository of human science. Arabian poetry, during the second century of the Hegira, was shooting up and spreading with more than Eastern luxuriance. If the enervating influence of this food of the imagination was counteracted in Arabia, by application to mathematics, and the natural sciences, it is certain that the same cannot be said of the Arabian literature when transplanted into Spain. Under Al-Rashid, Al-Mamoun, and the Omiades of Spain, the Eastern poetry reached its zenith. The Arabian tale took fast hold of the Spanish mind, and converted the cultivator of reason into the slave of passion. The temple of reason yielded to the Harem, and woman, from being the companion of man, became his goddess, charmed his passions, and intoxicated his senses. There is a kind of morbid sensibility, the legitimate offspring of literature, in which imagination is the principal ingredient, in reference to the effects of which it may be said, with peculiar force, in the language of Byron—

—Too convincing, dangerously dear,
In woman's eye the unanswerable tear,
That weapon of her weakness she can wield,
To save, subdue—at once her spear and shield.
Avoid it—virtue ebbs, and reason errs,
Too fondly gazing on that grief of her's.
What lost a world, and bade a hero fly?
The timid tear in Cleopatra's eye.
Yet be the soft triumvir's fault forgiven,
By this, how many lost, not earth, but heaven!

If the Spaniard's mistress was inferior to the Oneiza, or Fatima of the Eastern tale, an over-heated imagination could supply the defect; and the only substitute for her absence was in some such description as the following:

“Her neck was like that of the Antelope, when he stretches it out to descry some distant object. Like her's, it was adorned with the elegant collar; her tresses, floating on her shoulders, were like black ebony, and not less abundant than the waving branches of the palm. Her figure was not less delicate or flexible than the cord; and her countenance illuminated the darkness of night, like the lamp of the solitary sage at his midnight vigils: her attire called to mind the azure of the heavens, and its embroidery of precious stones resembled the heavens appearing above the horizon.”

The pernicious tendency of poetry, such as the above, is too evident to be doubted. Whether there was any thing in the Hispano-Gothic character, peculiarly favourable to its introduction and growth, admits a question. If there was, the Eastern songsters of ‘chivalric lovers,’ of ‘princesses, daughters of kings,’ only hastened what must, sooner or later, have befallen the nation. If not, the same cause has both furnished materials, and matured the development. One thing is certain, Spain has abounded with poetry essentially different from that of any other nation

in Europe. This has, for a long time, constituted a prominent department of her literature. Its language is the language of passion, and its spirit the spirit of Anacreon. The misfortunes of Oedipus, the bravery of Achilles, and the subtlety of Ulysses, are lost in comparison with the distresses of its fair, and the valour and treachery of its lovers. To snatch his beloved from the polluting view of a suspected rival, was a virtue sufficient to sanction the darkest deeds. In such a cause, mendicity was justifiable, assassination was bravery. All this was inculcated in poetry, that seizes the passions, and wins the heart; not such as arose naturally from the original opinions and taste of the people, but of foreign growth, founded in the admiration of the Moorish emigrant, and strengthened in its unhappy effects, by the perversion of that taste which itself had created.

An imported literature is generally unfavourable in its influence on national character. In a country like ours, it would be impossible, and certainly inexpedient, if not impossible, to exclude all foreign works of taste and genius; yet we may well congratulate ourselves that we are beginning to enjoy a literature purely American, consonant with the spirit of our institutions, growing out of our own soil, and connected with the dearest associations of our childhood. One domestic tale is worth two foreign. Our materials for a characteristic national literature are abundant. May those who have already begun to elicit them from the too long uncultivated soil, go on and prosper: and may the reward which a grateful country should bestow upon them, induce others to follow in the same honourable and useful career.

A. B. C.

RICHES.—Wealth is like a serpent which an enchanter takes by the tail without being bitten, but which turns round and gives a mortal wound to those who are unacquainted with the art of charming it.

Poverty.—If any one shall say that he has seen a just man in want of bread, I reply, that this must have been in a place where there was not another just man.

Dress.—Let your vestments be suited to your age, to your station, to your figure, to your situation, and to your occupation.

Face-Painting.—Those ladies who occupy too much time at their toilette, do not perceive that by conferring an artificial, they lose all natural beauty, and wholly extinguish the vivacity of the countenance. In addition to this, they seem to reproach the *Great Workman* who made them, for not giving a sufficiency of beauty—and remain motionless, like so many pictures, intended merely to look at, without reflecting that they were born to manage a family and govern their household.

Sleep.—like an avaricious publican, forces us to spend with him one half of our lives.

ORIGINAL TALE.

LUCIUS AND MARIA.
(CONCLUDED.)

WORDS are totally inadequate to express the agonised feelings of Mr Jarvis, when the elopement of his daughter was communicated to him. His passions were at all times strong and vehement, but now they assumed a character quite alarming; not a person in the house but felt the effect of his anger, and in a few days he was even deserted by his most favourite domestics. Jane alone remained, and by respectful soothings, partially succeeded to assuage his troubled spirit. At times he would insensibly fall into a deep reverie; then the thought, that through his cruelty to Maria, she had committed an act, revolting to our best feelings, would obtrude itself upon his mind: in his calm moments, however, he relied much on the education she had received; he hoped she would not, could not, send him to the grave in the conviction that she had fallen by her own hands. After these reflections he usually became more composed, and would devise with Jane the means of recovering his lost child: many plans were proposed, but none seemed feasible. At length he determined on seeking her himself, as all his messengers, though generously remunerated, had failed of gaining any information concerning her. An opportunity presented itself of leaving this country for France; and forgetting alike the perilous state of affairs, and the danger to be encountered in such an undertaking, he hastily settled his affairs, and in a few days was ready to embark.

Jane was put in possession of the family mansion, with full power to act as her discretion should dictate; at the same time, leaving in his counsel's hand a deed, whereby she should become its owner, if in the course of a year he returned not. For many days he confined himself to the cabin, scarcely ever leaving his birth:—the captain, a humane man, often endeavoured to entice him on deck, and by little acts of kindness strove to divert his mind from the gloom of his still more gloomy thoughts. On the close of a calm day, the wind suddenly arose.

"East, west, and south, engage with furious sweep,
And from its lowest bed upturn'd the foaming
deep."

The sail, then Boreas rends, with hideous cry,
And whirls the mad'ning billows to the sky."

Dreadful was the situation of the labouring vessel; sailors were actively employed at the pumps: even Mr. Jarvis forgot his griefs in the general panic, and manfully assisted in the duties of the ship. Through the whole of the night the waves seemed to throw out volumes of flame: awfully grand was the appearance of the foaming ocean; while, at intervals, the forked lightning exhibited to their astonished senses the scene of desolation around. Thus passed the night. The vessel, now a complete wreck, was still buffeting the angry waves, when morning

dawned. Far to the eastward a sail was descried: new hopes now animated the worn-out crew—they redoubled their exertions—every nerve was strained to keep the sinking bark afloat: anxiety sat on every countenance—the strange sail became more and more distinct—signals of distress were run up—they were answered—and every bosom bounded with joy, when a boat was put off. In a few moments she was alongside; and in a few minutes more, all souls were safely treading the deck of a British man-of-war.—They gazed with wonder on the frail tenement they had abandoned, and grateful thanks were uttered by every one for their miraculous escape from a dreadful death. Their own vessel soon disappeared:—a gentle breeze kindly bore them from the scene of horror, and all traces of the late storm was entirely obliterated.—Only one reflection damped their joy—they were on board an enemy's frigate, cruising against their countrymen; but the assurance of the noble captain, however, rendered their situation comparatively happy—"that they should not be considered as prisoners; and that, on the first opportunity, they should be set at liberty."

In the meanwhile, our hero was ardently engaged in the service of his country. He had intercepted and captured many of the enemy's homeward-bound vessels.—His name resounded in all quarters, and men-of-war were purposely equipped to search for him. His crew were entirely devoted to him, for the sight of a vessel was the precursor of victory, and they often looked forward to the happy hour when their share of prize-money would be awarded. The young sailor who had volunteered was the constant companion of Captain L.; by his assiduous attentions, he had gained the affections of his commander, and often, when wearied with the duties of the day, the captain would seek some slight repose, his protegee always was near, watching, with anxious solicitude, that none should interrupt his sleep. One day, on awaking from a refreshed slumber, he found his hand gently pressed to the lips of the boy.

"I have slept long, boy," said Lucius, rising "You are a faithful sentinel. I will see that your care shall be rewarded."

"Oh, sir, to be with you—to gaze on you, is my dearest reward."

"Not so: on our arrival at home, you shall gaze on a lovely countenance indeed—on the countenance of Maria—my own dear Maria."

"Ah!—you love Maria, then? Have you exchanged vows?"

"Ay, vows of eternal constancy. See, boy—her miniature I wear nearest my heart."

"And she yours."

"How know you that?"

"I have seen her press it frequently to her lips, while tears, such as I now shed, would moisten the cheek which the rose had deserted."

Lucius viewed the boy with astonishment: as he still gazed, he thought he could trace a striking resemblance to his beloved Maria. He had understood, in a previous conversation with the boy, that a relationship existed between them: and from that moment he was resolved to promote the welfare of his young charge.—Fearful of betraying his feelings, he suddenly changed the conversation, and summoning his officers, he informed them that a few days only would expire, when they would shape their course for the United States. A bustle on deck now aroused their attention. "A sail—a sail," was vociferated by several. Preparations were immediately made to receive her, whether friend or foe. In an hour the two vessels neared each other. The British ensign was displayed, and a shot fired: this plainly indicated her character.

"Now, my lads," exclaimed Lucius, "for God, and our country."

A broadside announced to the English that it was the intention of the Americans to give them a *warm reception*—and so indeed they did, for in "seventeen" minutes the enemy's foremast went by the board. In the heat of the action, the arm of our hero was seized—he turned, and beheld his favourite boy sinking to the deck.

"Boy, you are wounded:—here, quick, let me bind up your arm. There, that will do for the present. Surgeon, bear him to your quarters—look well to him."

Three cheers from the gallant crew, and the cowering of England's proud brow, proclaimed the fight was won.—His arrangements were soon completed. On the presentation of the British commander's sword, our hero courteously declined receiving it, "Keep it, sir, and with all the honour which you have so nobly supported. Your King cannot upbraid you—for you fought with men who contend in a just cause; and whatever may be the fate of this war, bear with you the conviction that Americans are as generous as they are brave." These words sunk deep in the heart of the Briton.

"Generous conqueror, accept my thanks—my gratitude! My royal master shall know all this; and on the cessation of hostilities, great will be my happiness to become the friend of Captain L."

During this conversation between the two commanders, boats were bringing on board prisoners, with baggage, &c. An elderly gentleman was observed eagerly inquiring for the captain: at the sound of his well known voice, Lucius rushed forward, and grasped his hand. "Is it possible! do I behold Mr. Jarvis. Oh, tell me, tell me of Maria?"

Mr. Jarvis, for a moment, silently surveyed the interrogator; recollections of the past rushed forcibly on his mind: before him stood the man whom he had unceremoniously forbidden to enter his doors: he now appeared in a new character—not as a poor Captain, but the commander of a noble frigate, flushed with victory, and conscious of his enviable station.

"Is she well?" resumed the Captain.

"Oh, dear sir, ease my mind at once, and state how it is I find you in this unlooked-for situation."

"Calm your impetuosity, gallant Captain. The story of my sufferings you shall know hereafter. It is a melancholy tale, and would occupy too much of valuable time at present. Permit me to retire."

The Captain felt the force of this remark, and immediately acquiesced to the request.

A prize-master and crew were put on board the captured ship, with orders to proceed direct for the nearest port in the United States, while Lucius shaped his course for the city of New-York, burning with heroic ardor, and anxious to again behold the idol of his heart. His conduct to Mr. Jarvis, during the few days that elapsed between his engagement with the English frigate and arrival at New-York, was extremely respectful: his attentions were unremitting—still Mr. Jarvis never spoke of Maria, but remained in sullen silence. At times, however, he would relax from his sombre mood, and regard the captain with a look of kindness—but 'twas only transient; frequently he would attempt to loosen his thoughts, then checking himself, relapse again into his former manner.

Great was the joy of the citizens on the arrival of Lucius. His fame had preceded him, and he was received with unbounded enthusiasm. Honours showered thickly upon him; but one idea only was welcome—he panted to meet Maria. A leisure moment at length presented itself, and ordering his favourite to attend him, proceeded to the mansion of Mr. Jarvis. The boy's wound was slight, but still he wore his arm in a sling.

Mr. Jarvis received our hero with a warmth quite unusual. "This moment, Captain, is a lucky one, for now I can freely express my gratitude. You have won my esteem by your noble bearing.—Would to heaven I was in possession of my daughter. But she, alas, is—"

"Here! my honoured father, at your feet," said Maria—who was no other than our young sailor. "Oh, forgive and bless me!" Mr. Jarvis pressed her to his breast, and then put her into the arms of Lucius. "Here, Captain, take her, (or him,) for you are more able to command her than I am. Heaven bless you." He turned from them to conceal his agitation.

"Ah, dearest Maria, what a blind fool I have been! But your deception has proved to me the force of your affection; and if you wish still to remain in the service—"

"You will make a powder-monkey of me, I suppose," interrupted Maria.—"Well, my Lucius—my commander, I mean—I am so fond of serving you that there's my hand—my heart you have already. I will be your slave for life."

Her hair, which had heretofore been confined by a woollen cap, now hung in ringlets on her shoulders; Lucius fancied

she never appeared more lovely than at that moment.

"Nay, not my slave;—say, rather, my friend, my wife!"

"Amen!" ejaculated Mr. Jarvis. "And now, my children, let the events of your past life be a lesson indelibly engraven on your minds. My example will teach you never to spurn modest merit; for a day will come, when, like me, you will be forced to acknowledge, that merit alone, and not riches, forms the statesman, the soldier, the sailor—the MAN!" 

For the American Athenæum.

FAREWELL TO J*****.

Oh, why does the golden-hued cloud shine so bright,
When so soon it is destin'd to fade from our sight?
Oh, why is the rainbow so brilliant and gay,
When each breath of the heavens may waft it away?

'Tis thus in our life, as we wander along,
The richer the music—the sweeter the song—
The dearer the being that reigns in our heart,
They are surer to fade—we the sooner to part.
Sometimes there are visions around us that gleam,
All silent and sweet, like some beautiful dream;
Dim, exquisite hopings, that seem to be given
To wreath round the soul all the magic of heaven.
But alas! now I feel 'tis our sorrowful doom,
That as sure as the roses are red of their bloom,
That as sure as the rainbow *must* fade from the sky,
So sure these young visions are destined to die.
How sad a reflection that many who live,
Giving pleasure far dearer than others can give—
Whose eye, or whose cheek, with more loveliness
glows,
Than the tinge of the cloud, or the blush of the
rose:

Whose voice is far sweeter than music to hear,
As it goes to the heart when it touches the ear,
And whose image before us for ever must stay,
Tho' fortune—the tyrant—commands them away.
Young creatures of beauty that shine on the eye,
Like some meteor that streams thro' the shadowy
sky—
Though we hope—though we pray it to linger, in
vain—
It leaves us in darkness and sorrow again:
That things which we gaze on so fondly as these
Should pass like the music that melts on the
breeze,
That for us it remains but to weep while we tell
That we saw them, and lov'd them, and bade them
farewell!

FAIRY.

THE AMERICAN ATHENÆUM.

THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1825.

MR. ROBERTSON, son of Professor Robertson, of Paris, made an ascent in a balloon, from the interior of Castle Garden, on Saturday evening last, a little past 7 o'clock, in presence of a large concourse of spectators. The "Nations Guest" honoured the scene with his attendance. Mr. Robertson was very successful in his undertaking; his ascent was majestic, and contributed to gain him much applause. After passing over the centre of our city, the balloon was wafted by a gentle breeze about two miles beyond Newtown, Long Island, where it descended into a field.

It is expected that Gen. LA FAYETTE will leave this city to-day—probably for ever! He goes, and the prayers of millions of freemen attend him. The glow of animation that beamed in every countenance on his arrival here has scarcely faded, and yet we must part with him. Go, friend of our

country—companion of WASHINGTON—advocate of liberty! Thy name shall be hallowed by future generations, and thy glorious deeds shall be recorded on the proudest page of the historian. A grateful country welcomed thee to her shores, and in bidding thee farewell will pour out her benedictions on thy head.

The weather has been intensely warm for the past few days—on Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, the Thermometer ranged from 89 to 95° in the shade. We regret to state that several individuals have lost their lives by drinking cold water too freely.

LITERATURE OF COLOMBIA.—Colombia contains a population of about four millions—publishes eighteen newspapers—has formed forty schools on the plan of Bell and Lancaster, during the last year—has established ten Colleges and three Universities, where every branch of knowledge, except political economy and the mechanical arts, is taught; and the library of Bogota consists of 14,900 volumes.

The Memoirs of the celebrated Chevalier Paul Jones, from very authentic sources, has just been published by Wilder & Campbell, Broadway.

The author of Lionel Lincoln has another novel in press entitled, the "Last of the Mohegans."

Mr. H. S. Tanner has published his Map of Mexico, a work upon which he has been long and earnestly employed. The sheet is of a convenient size, and comprises a Statistical Table, a Table of Distances, and a Map of the Roads, &c. from Vera Cruz and Alvarado to the Mexican capital. The latest authorities, including the notes of Mr. Poinsett, have been used with the customary scientific discrimination of the author.

American Traveller.—A semi-weekly paper has been commenced at Boston, by Messrs. Badger and Porter, bearing the above title. In connexion with the Traveller a Stage Register is published as a supplement, once in two months. It is a well executed journal, and promises to be of much benefit to the community.

Colonel Gibbs, the distinguished mineralogist, has presented to the cabinet of the New-York Lyceum an elegant collection of Siberian minerals, of great variety and value.

Three new Islands are stated to have been discovered by Captain Kotzebue, in his voyage, during the last year, in the South Seas.

There is at present, at Stratsand, in Sweden, an extraordinary elephant, which has been taught to manœuvre a piece of artillery; he brings a forty-eight pounder up to the ramparts, loads it, rams it down, points it, lights the match, and fires the cannon, all in seven minutes!

Mr. Kean, after having in vain presented himself before the audiences in the capitals of England and Scotland, appeared at Dublin in the character of Sir Giles Overreach, with considerable opposition. He however appealed to Irish generosity, which served him a little, but the entire house was completely crowded when he announced it his last night but—*eight*.

A lady on a visit to the British Museum, asked the person in attendance if they had the skull of Oliver Cromwell? Being answered in the negative, "Dear me!" said she—"that's very strange; they have one at Oxford!"

The Deaf and Dumb in the United States are estimated at 6000.